

THE

PLEASURES

OF A

Single LIFE,

OR, THE

MISERIES

OF

MATRIMONY.

Occasionally Writ

Upon the many DIVORCES lately
Granted by Parliament.

WITH THE

CHOICE,

OR, THE

Pleasures of a Country-LIFE.

Dedicated to the Beaus against the next Vacation.

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THE Pleasures of a Single LIFE,

O R,

The Miseries of Matrimony.

Occasionally Writ upon the many DIVORCES
lately Granted by Parliament.

WEdlock, oh ! Curs'd uncomfortable State,
Cause of my Woes, and Object of my hate.
How bless'd was I ? Ah, once how happy me ?
When I from those uneasie Bonds were free ;
How calm my Joys ? How peaceful was my Breast,
Fill with thy fatal Cares too soon oppress,
The World seem'd Paradise, so bless'd the Soil
Wherein I liv'd, that Business was no Toil ;
Life was a Comfort, which produc'd each day
New Joys, that still preserv'd me from decay,
Thus Heav'n first launch'd me into pacifick Seas,
Where free from Storms I mov'd with gentle Breeze ;
My Sails proportion'd, and my Vessel rite,
Coasting in Pleasures-Bay I steer'd aright,
Ballac'd with true Content, and freighted with delight
Books my Companions were wherein I found
Needful Advice, without a noisy Sound,
But was with friendly pleasing silence taught,
Wisdom's best Rules, to fructify my Thought,
Rais'd up our Sage Fore-fathers from the dead,
And when I pleas'd, invok'd them to my Aid,
Who at my Study-Bar without a Fee would plead :
Whilst I Chief Justice sat, heard all their Sutes,
And gave my Judgment on their learn'd Disputes,
Strove to determine ev'ry Cause aright,
And for my Pains found Profit and Delight,
Free from Partiality ; I fear'd no blame,
Desir'd no Bribe'ry, and deserv'd no Shame,

Bu

But like an upright Judge, grudg'd no Expence
 Of time, to fathom Truth with Diligence,
 Reading by Day, Contemplating by Night,
 Till Conscience told me that I judg'd aright,
 Then to my Paper-VVorld I'd have recourse,
 And by my Maps run o'er the Universe;
 Sail round the Globe, and touch at every Port,
 Survey those Shoars where Men untam'd resort,
 View the old Regions where the *Persian* Lord
 Taught Wooden Deities first to be Ador'd,
 Ensnar'd at last to Sacrifice his Life
 To the base Pride of an Adult'rous Wife,
 And where the *Grecian* Youth to Arms inur'd,
 The hungry Soil with *Persian* Blood manur'd,
 Where bold *Bussephilus* brutal Conduct show'd,
 The force of monstrous Elephants withstood,
 And with his Rider waded through a purple Flood.

Then would I next the *Roman* Field survey,
 Where brave *Fabricius* with his Army lay;
 Fam'd for his Valour, from Corruption free,
 Made up of Courage and Humility.
 That when Encamp'd the good Man lowly bent,
 Cook'd his own Cabbage in his homely Tent:
 And when the *Sarmaites* sent a Golden Sum,
 To tempt him to betray his Country *Rome*,
 The Dross he scoffingly return'd untold,
 And answer'd with a Look serenely bold,
 That *Roman* Sprouts would boil without their *Grecian*
 Then eat his Cale-worts for his Meal design'd,
 And beat the *Grecian* Army when he'd din'd.

Thus wou'd I range the World from Pole to Pole,
 To encrease my Knowledge, and delight my Soul;
 Travel all Nations, and inform my Sence;
 With ease and safety, at a small Expence:
 No Storms to plough, no Passengers Sums to pay,
 No Horse to hire, or Guide to show the way,
 No *Alps* to clime, no Desarts here to pass,
 No Ambuscades, no Thief to give me chase;

No Bear to dread, or rav'nous Wolf to fight,
 No Flies to sting, no Rattle-Snakes to bite;
 No Floods to ford, no Hurricans to fear;
 No dreadful Thunder to surprize the Ear;
 No Winds to freeze, no Sun to scorch or fry,
 No Thirst, or Hunger, and Relief not nigh.
 All these Fatigues and Mischiefs could I shun;
 Rest when I pleas'd, and when I please Jog on,
 And travel through both *Indies* in an Afternoon,

When the Day thus far pleasingly was spent,
 And every Hour admin'ftr'd Content,
 Then would I range the Fields, and flow'ry Meads,
 VVhere Nature her exub'rant Bounty spreads,
 In whose delightful Products does appear
 Inimitable Beauty ev'ry where;

Contemplate on each Plant, and useful VVeed,
 And how its Form first lay involv'd in Seed,
 How they're preserv'd by Providential Care,
 For what delign'd, and what their Virtues are.
 Thus to my Mind by dint of Reason prove,
 That all below is ow'd to Heaven above,
 And that no Earthly Temporals can be,
 But what must Center in Eternity.

Then gaze aloft, whence all things had their Birth,
 And mount my prying Soul 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
 Thus the sweet Harmony o'th' whole admire,
 And by due Search new Learning still acquire,
 So nearer ev'ry day to Truths Divine aspire.

When tir'd with thought, then from my Pocket pluck
 Some friendly dear Companion of a Book,
 Whose homely Calves-skin fences did contain
 The Verbal Treasure of some Old good Man:
 Made by long study and experience wise,
 Whose piercing thoughts to Heavenly knowledge rise,
 Amongst whose Pious Reliques I would find,
 Rules for my Life, Rich Banquets for my mind,
 Such pleasing Nectar, such Eternal Food,
 That well digested, makes a Man a God;

And for his use at the same time prepares
 On Earth a Heav'n in spite of worldly Cares,
 The day in these Enjoyments would I spend,
 But chuse at Night my Bottle and my Friend,
 Took prudent care that neither were abus'd,
 But with due Moderation both I us'd.
 And in one sober Pint found more delight,
 Then the insatiate Sot that swills all Night;
 Ne'er drown my Senses, or my Soul debase,
 Or drink beyond the relish of my blas
 For in Excess good Heav'ns design is Crost,
 In all Extreames the true Enjoyments lost,
 Wine cheers the Heart, and elevates the Soul,
 But if we surfeit with too large a Bowl,
 Wanting true Aim weth' happy Mark o'er Shoot,
 And change the Heavenly Image to a Brute.
 So the great *Grecian* who the World subdu'd,
 And drown'd whole Nations in a Sea of Blood;
 At last was Conquer'd by the Power of Wine,
 And dy'd a Drunken Victime to the Vine.
 My Friend, and I, when o'er our Bottle sat,
 Mix'd with each Glas some inoffensive Chat,
 Talk'd of the World's Affairs, but still kept free
 From Passion, Zeal, or Partiality;
 With honest freedom did our thoughts dispense,
 And judg'd of all things with indifference;
 Till time at last did our Delights invade,
 And in due season separation made,
 Then without Envy, Discord or Deceit,
 Part like true Friends as loving as we meet.
 The Tavern change to a domestick scene,
 That sweet Retirement. tho it's ne'er so mean.
 Thus leave each other in a Cheerful Plight,
 T' enjoy the silent Pleasures of the Night,
 When home return'd, my Thanks to Heaven pay,
 For all the past kind Blessing of the Day;
 No haughty Help-mate to my Peace molest,
 No treacherous Snake to harbour in my Breast:

No fawning Mistress of the Female Art,
 VVith *Judas* Kisses to betray my Heart;
 No light-tail'd Hypocrite to raise my Fears,
 No vile Impert'nence to torment my Ears;
 No molted Off-spring to disturb my Thought,
 In VVedlock born but G——d knows where begot;
 No lustful *Massalina* to require
 VVhole Troops of Men to feed her Brutal Fire?
 No Family Cares my quiet to disturb;
 No Head-strong Humours to assuage or Curb
 No Jaring Servants, no Domestick strife,
 No Jilt, no Termagent, no Faithless VVife,
 VVith Vinegar or Gall, to sowre or bitter Life.

Thus freed from all that could my Mind annoy,
 Alone my self, I did my self enjoy:

VVhen Nature call'd, I laid me down to rest,
 VVith a sound Body, and a peaceful Breast;
 Hours of Repose with Constancy I kept,
 And Guardian Angels watch'd me as I slept,
 In lively Dreams reviving as I lay,
 The Pleasures of the last precedent day,
 Thus whilst I singly liv'd, did I possess
 By Day and Night incessant Happiness,
 Content enjoy'd awak'd, and sleeping found no less.

But the Curs'd Fiend from Hell's dire Regions sent,
 Ranging the VVorld to Man's Destruction bent,
 VVho with an Envious Pride beholding me,
 Advanc'd by Virtue to Felicity,
 Resolv'd his own Eternal wretched state,
 Should be in part reveng'd by my sad Fate;
 And to at once my happy Life betray
 Flung VVoman, Faithless VVoman in my way:
 Beauty she had, a seeming Modest Mein,
 All Charms without, but Devil all within,
 VVhich did not yet appear, but lurk'd, alas unseen.
 A fair Complexion far exceeding Paint,
 Black sleepy Eyes that would have Charm'd a Saint;
 Her Lips so soft and sweet, that ev'ry Kiss,
 Seem'd a short Taste of the Eternal Bliss;

Her

Her set of Teeth so Regular and White,
 They'd show their Lustre in the darkeſt Night;
 Round her Seraphick Face ſo fair and young,
 Her Sable Hair in careleſs Drefſes hung,
 Which added to her beauteous Features, ſhow'd
 Like ſome fair Angel peeping through a Cloud?
 Her Breasts, her Hands, and every Charm ſo bright,
 She ſeem'd a Sun by Day, a Moon by Night;
 Her ſhape ſo raviſhing, that every Part,
 Proportion'd was to the nicest Rules of Art:
 So awful was her Carriage when ſhe mov'd,
 None could behold her, but he fear'd and lov'd,
 She danc'd well, ſung well, finely plaid the Lute,
 Was always witty in her Words, or Mute;
 Obliging, not reſerv'd, nor yet too free,
 But as a Maid divinely bleſ'd ſhould be;
 Not vainly gay, but decent in Attire,
 She ſeem'd ſo good, ſhe could no more acquire
 Of Heaven, than what ſhe had, & Man no more deſire:
 Fortune, like God and Nature too was kind,
 And to theſe Gifts a copious Sum had joyn'd.
 Who could the power of ſuch Temptations ſhun,
 What frozen *Synick* from her Charms could run:
 What Cloiſter'd Monk could ſee a Face ſo bright,
 But quit his Beads and follow Beauty's Light,
 And by its Luſtre hope to ſhun Eternal Night.
 I ſo bewitch'd, and poyſon'd with her Charms,
 Believ'd the utmoſt Heaven was in her Arms,
 Methoughts the Goodneſs, in her Eyes I ſee,
 Spoke her the Off-ſpring of ſome Deity.
 Now Books and Walks, would no content afford,
 She was the only Good to be Ador'd.
 In her fair Looks alone delight I found,
 Love's raging Storms all other Joys had drown'd.
 By Beauty's *Ignis fatuus* led aſtray,
 Bound for Content, I loſt my happy way
 Of Reaſon's faithful Pilot now bereft,
 Was amongſt Rocks and Shelves in danger left,

There must have perisht, as I fondly thought,
 Lest her kind Usage my Salvation wrought;
 Her happy Aid I labour'd to obtain;
 Hop'd for Success, yet fear'd her sad Disdain,
 Tortur'd like dying Convicts whilst they live,
 'Twixt fear of Death, and hopes of a Reprieve.
 First for her smallest Favours did I sue,
 Crept, Fawn'd and Cring'd, as Lovers us'd to do;
 Sigh'd e'er I spoke, and when I spoke look'd Pale,
 In words confus'd disclos'd my mournful Tale;
 Unpractis'd and Amour's fine Speeches coin'd,
 But could not utter what I well design'd.
 Warm'd by her Charms 'gainst Bashfulness I strove,
 And trembling sat, and stammer'd out my Love;
 Told her how greatly I admir'd and fear'd,
 Which she 'twixt Coyness and Compassion heard,
 Grutch'd no Expence of Money, or of Time,
 And thought that not to adore her was a Crime;
 The more each Visit I acquainted grew,
 Yet every time found something in her new.
 Who was above her Sex so fortunate,
 She had a Charm for Man in every State;
 Beauty for the Youthful, Prudence for the Old,
 Scripture for the Godly, for the Miser Gold;
 Wit for the Ingenious, silence for the Grave,
 Flatt'ry for the Fool, and Cunning for the Knave:
 Compounded thus of such Varieties,
 She had a knack to every Temper please,
 And as her self thought fit was every one of these. }
 I lov'd, I sigh'd and vow'd, talk'd, whin'd, and pray'd,
 And at her Feet my panting Heart I lay'd;
 She smil'd, then frown'd, was now reserv'd, then free,
 And as she plaid her part, oft chang'd her Key;
 Not through Fantastick Humour but Design,
 To try me thoroughly e'er she should be mine,
 Because she wanted in one Man to have,
 A Husband, Lover, Cuckold and a Slave.
 So Travellers, before a Horse they buy,
 His Speed, his Paces, and his Temper try, Whe-

Whether he'll answer Whip and Spur, thence Judge,
 If the poor Beast will prove a patient Drudge:
 When she by wiles had heightned my Desire,
 And fain'd Love's sparkles to a raging Fire;
 Made now for Wedlock, or for *Bedlam* fit.
 Thus Passion gain'd the upper-hand of Wit,
 The Dame by pity, or by Interest mov'd,
 Or else by Lust, pretended now she lov'd;
 After long-sufferings, her Consent I got,
 To make me happy, as I hop'd and thought,
 But oh, the wretched hour I ty'd the *Gordian* Knot.

Thus thro' mistake I rashly plung'd my Life
 Into that Gulph of Miseries a VVife.

VVith joyful Arms I thus embrac'd my Fate,
 Believ'd too soon, was undeceiv'd too late;
 So hair-brain'd Fools to *Indian* Climates rove,
 VVith a vain hope their Fortunes to improve;
 There spend their slender Cargoes, then become
 VVorse Slaves abroad than e'er they were at home
 VVhen a few VVeeks were wasted I compar'd,
 VVith all due moderation and regard,
 My former freedom, with my new restraint,
 Judging which State afforded most content,
 But found a single Life as calm and gay,
 As the delightful Month of blooming *May*,
 Not chill'd with Cold, or scorch'd with too much heat.
 Not plagu'd with flying Dust, nor drown'd with wet,
 But pleasing to the Eyes, and to the Nostrils sweet.

But VVedlock's like the blustering Month of *March*,
 That does the Body's Maims and Bruises search,
 Brings by cold nipping Storms unwelcom Pains,
 And finds, or breeds, Distempers in our Veins;
 Renews old Sores, and hastens on Decay,
 And seldom does afford one pleasant Day.
 But Clouds dissolve, or raging Tempest blow,
 And untile Houses, like the wrangling Shrow;
 Thus *March* and Marriage justly may be said,
 To be alike, then sure the Man is Mad, bad.
 That loves such changling VVeather where the best is

Though I once happy in a single Life,
 Yet Shipwrack'd all upon that Rock a Wife;
 By Gold and Beauties Powerful Charms betray'd,
 To the dull drugery of a Marriage-Bed;
 That Paradise for Fools, a Sport for Boys,
 Tiresom its Chains, and brutal are its Joys,
 Thou nauseous Priestcraft that to soon appear'd,
 Not as I hop'd, but worse than what I fear'd,
 All her soft Charms which I believ'd divine,
 Marriage I thought had made them only mine;
 Vain hope, alas for I too early found,
 My Brows were with the Throne of Wedlock crown'd,
 Jealousies, first from Reason rais'd a doubt,
 And Fatal Chance th' unhappy Truth brought out;
 Made it so plain from all Pretences free'd.
 That wicked Woman no Excuse could plead;
 And if she wants device to hide her Shame,
 Hell can no Umbrage for Audult'ry frame.

I though it prudence the Disgrace to hide,
 Tho' ray'd and Storm'd, the Pardon beg'd and Cry'd.
 Yet with false Protestations strove to Charm:
 The Cuckold to believe she'd done no harm,
 Tho' taken by surprize (O curse the Day)
 Where all the Marks of past Enjoyment lay,
 And she disorder'd by her lustful frecks
 Had Shame and Horrour struggling in her Cheeks:
 Yet, made Essays to clear her Innocence,
 And hide her guilt with Lyes and Impudence;
 For lustful Women like a vicious State,
 Oft stifle Ills by others full as great,
 But I convinc'd too plainly of her Guilt,
 All her false Oaths and quick inventions spoil,
 Which when she'd used in vain she blush'd and cry'd,
 And own'd her fault she found she could not hide.

This I forgave, she promis'd to reclaim,
 Vow'd future truth if I'd conceal the shame;
 But what Strange Adamantine Chain can bind,
 Woman corrupted to be just or kind:

(66)
Or how can Man to an adulteress shew
That Love, which to a faithful Wife is due.
I struggled hard, and all my Passions cheekt,
And chang'd Revenge into a mild Respect,
That Good for Ill return'd might touch hear near,
And Gratitude might bind her more than fear;
My former Love I every day renew'd;
And all the Signals of Oblivion shew'd;
Wink'd at small Faults, wou'd no such Trifles mind,
As accidental Failings not designed.

I all things to her Temper easie made,
Scorn'd to reflect, and hated to upbraid;
She chose (and rich it was) her own Attire,
Nay, had what a proud Woman could desire.

Thus the new Covenant I strictly kept,
And oft in private for her Failings wept,
Yet bore with seeming Cheerfulness those Cares,
That bring a Man too soon to grised Hairs.

But all this kindness I dispens'd in vain,
Where Lust and base Ingratitude remain.
Lust, which if once in Female fancy fix'd,
Burns like Salt Petre, with dry Touchwood mix'd:
And tho' cold Fear for time may stop its force,
'Twill soon like Fire confin'd, break out the worse,
Or like a Tide obstructed, re-assume its course.

No Art cou'd e'e presume the stinking Stote,
Or change the lecherous Nature of the Goat.
No skilful Whitster ever found the slight,
To wash or bleach an *Ethiopian* White.
No gentle Usage truly will Assuage,
A Tyger's fierceness, or a Lyon's rage,
Stripes and severe Correction is the way,
Whence once they're thro'ly Conquer'd, they'll obey,
'Tis Whip and Spur, Commanding Reign and Bit,
That makes the unruly head-strong Horse submit,
So stubborn faithless Woman must be us'd,
Or Man by Woman basely be abus'd.

For after all the Endearments I should show,
At last she turn'd both Libertine and Shrow,

From

(12)

From my Submission grew perverse and proud,
 Crabbed as Varges, and as Thunder loud;
 Did what she pleas'd, would no Obedience own,
 And ridicul'd the Patience I had shown.
 Fear'd no sharp threatnings, valued no disgrace,
 But flung the wrongs she'd done me in my Face;
 Grew still more head strong, turbulent and Lewd,
 Filling my Mansion with a spurious brood.
 Thus Brutal Lust her humane Reason drown'd,
 And her loose Tail oblig'd the Country round;
 Advice, Reproof, Pray'rs, Tears, were flung away,
 For still she grew more wicked ev'ry day;
 Till by her equals scorn'd, my Servants fed,
 The Brutal Rage of her adultrous bed.
 Nay, in my absence trucked to my Groom,
 And hug'd the servile Traytor in my Room;
 When these strange Tydings, Thunder struck my Ear,
 And such Inhumane Wrongs were made appear,
 On these just Grounds for a Divorce I su'd,
 At last that head-strong Tyrant wife subdu'd,
 Cancel'd the marriage-bonds, and basterdiz'd her brood. }
Woman, thou worst of all Church-plagues, farewell;
 Bad at the best, but at the worst a Hell;
 Thou truss of wormwood, bitter Teaz of Life,
 Thou Nursery of humane cares a wife.
 Thou Apple-Eating Traytriss who began
 The Wrath of Heav'n, and Miseries of Man,
 And hast with never-failing diligence,
 Improv'd the Curse to humane Race e'er since.
 Farewel Church-juggle that enslav'd my Life,
 But bless that Pow'r that rid me of my Wife.
 And now the Laws once more have set me free,
 If Woman can again prevail with me,
 My Flesh and Bones shall make my Wedding-Feast, }
 And none shall be Invited as my Guest,
 T' attend my *Bride*, but th' *Devil* and a *Priest*. }

THE CHOICE,

OR, THE

Pleasures of a *Country*-L I F E, &c.

IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my Method how to live :
And all those Hours propitious Fate shou'd lend,
In blisful Ease and Satisfaction spend.

Near some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built Uniform, not little, nor to great :
Better if on a rising Ground it stood.

Fields on this side, on that a Neighb'ring Wood.

It shou'd within no other things contain,

But what are Useful, Necessary Plain :

Methinks 'tis Nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure

The needless pomp of gawdy Furniture :

A little Garden, gratefule to the Eye,

And a cool Rivulet run Murmuring by :

On whose delicious Banks a stately Row,

Of shady Limes, or Sicamores, shou'd grow.

At th' end of which a silent Study plac'd,

Shou'd with the Noblest Authors there be grac'd.

Horace and *Virgil*, in whose mighty Lines,

Immortal VVit, and solid Learning Shines.

Sharp *Juvenal*, and am'rous *Ovid* too,

VVho all the turns of Loves soft passion knew :

He, that with Judgment reads his Charming Lines,

In which strong Art, with stronger Nature joyns,

Must grant, his Fancy does the best excell :

His Thoughts so tender, and exprest so well ;

VVith all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,

Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence

In

In some of these, as Fancy shou'd advise,
I'd always take my Morning Exercise.
For sure, no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than those in pleasing useful Studies Spent.

I'd have a clear and competent Estate,
That I might live Genteely, but not Great.
As much as I cou'd moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t'oblige a Friend,
Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty Repine
Too much at Fortune, they shou'd taste of mine,
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Shou'd be reliev'd with what my Wants cou'd spare;
For what our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Shou'd be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty shou'd my Table spread,
With healthful, not luxurious Dishes fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the Stranger, and th' Neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pampering Food
Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood.
But what's sufficient to make Nature Strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take, and as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my Plenty bless.

I'd have a little Cellar, Cool and Neat,
With Humming Ale, and Virgin Wine Repleat.
Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native Force,
And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse;
By making all our Spirits Deboniart,
Throws off the Lees, the Sedement of Care.
But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble Ends;
So, but too oft, the Grapes refreshing Juice,
Does many mischievous Effects produce,
My House, shou'd no such rude Disorders know,
As from high Drinking consequently flow,
Nor wou'd I use what was so kindly giv'n,
To the Dishonour of Indulgent Heav'n.
If any Neighbour came he shou'd be free,
Us'd with Respect, and not uneasy be,
In my Retreat, or to himself or me.
What Freedom, Prudence, and Right Reason give,
All Men may with impunity receive;
But the least swerving from their Rules too much,
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.
That Life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, sincere and great,

I'd chuse too Friends, whose Company wou'd be

A great Advance to my Felicity.

Well born, of Humours suited to my own;

Discreet, and Men as well as Books have known.

Brave, Gen'rous, Witty, and exactly free

From loose Behaviour, or Formality.

Airy, and Prudent, Merry, but not Ligh;

Quick in discerning, and in Judging Right;

Secret they shou'd, be faithful to their Trust,

In Reasoning Cool, Strong, Temperate and just.

Obliging, Open, without Huffing, Brave;

Brisk in gay talking, and in sober Grave.

Close in dispute, but not tenacious, try'd

By solid Reason, and let that decide;

Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate;

Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State.

Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to spight,

Not Quarrellsom, but Stout enough to Fight:

Loyal and Pious, Friends to *Cæsar* true

As dying Martyrs to their Maker too.

In their Society I cou'd not miss,

A permanent, sincere, substantial Bliss,

Wou'd bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd chuse,

(For, who wou'd so much satisfaction lose,

As Witty Nymphs in Conversation give)

Near some obliging modest-fair to live;

For there's that sweetness in a female Mind,

Which in a Man's we cannot find;

That by a secret, but a pow'ful Art,

Winds up the Spring of Life, and do's impart

Fresh Vital Heat to the transported Heart.

I'd have her Reason, and her Passions sway,

Easy in Company, in private Gay.

Coy to a Fop, to the deserving free,

Still Constant to her self, and just to me.

A soul she shou'd have for great Actions fir,

Prudence, and Wisdom to direct her Wit.

Courage to look bold danger in the Face,

No fear, but only to be Proud, or Base;

Quick to advise by an Emergence prest,

To give good Counsel, or to take the best.

I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,

She might not seem Reserv'd, nor talk too much,

That shows a want of Judgment, and of Sense;

More than enough is but Impertinence.

Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth refine,

Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind.

averse to Vanity, Revenge and Pride,
 In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
 So faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
 No Censure might upon her Actions fall
 Then wou'd even Envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of Woman kind astray.

To this fair Creature I'd sometimes retire,
 Her Conversation wou'd new Joys inspire,
 Give Life and Edge so keen, no surly Care
 Wou'd venture to assault my Soul, or dare
 Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare.
 But so Divine, so Noble a Repast,
 I'd seldom, and with Moderation taste.
 For highest Cordials all their Virtue lose,
 By a too frequent, and to bold an use;
 And what would cheer the Spirits in distress;
 Ruins our Health when taken to Excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jarr,
 Belov'd by, all, not vainly popular;
 Whate'er Assistance I had power to bring
 T' oblige my Country, or to serve my King,
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford,
 My Tongue, My Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.
 Law-suit I'd shun with as much Studios Care;
 As I wou'd Dens where hungry Lyons are;
 An rather put up injuries than be
 A Plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
 I value Quiet at a Price too great,
 To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate:
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit Delight for real Pain.

If Heav'n a date of many years wou'd give,
 Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease and Plenty live.
 And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
 Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife.)
 Should take upon him all my Worldly Care,
 While I did for a better State prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vext,
 Nor have the Evening of my Days perplext.
 But by a silent, and a peaceful Death,
 Without a Sigh, Resign my Aged Breath:
 And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
 Few Tears, but Friendly drop'd into my Grave.
 Then wou'd my Exit so propitious be,
 All Men wou'd wish to live and dye like me.